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ABOUT GIANTS

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SMITHSON

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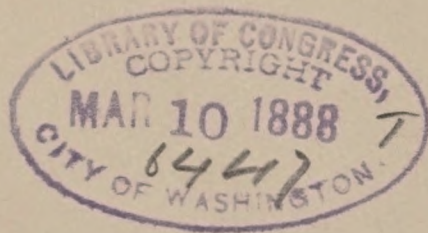
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Shelf *Fairy tales*

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

ABOUT GIANTS
AND
OTHER WONDER PEOPLE

✓ BY
ISABEL SMITHSON
AND
GEORGE FOSTER BARNES



BOSTON
D LOTHROP COMPANY
FRANKLIN AND HAWLEY STREETS

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ABOUT GIANTS.

HOW BIG ARE GIANTS?

MANY and wonderful are the stories about giants found in old books — of men as high as the tallest trees with three heads each, and dragons' tails, of one-eyed, ten-armed giants, of monsters who went about pulling up trees by the roots, knocking over mountains with one hand, or amusing themselves by playing foot-ball with the dead bodies of their foes. This sort of story does very well in fairy tales, but it can never find place in a true account of giants, any more than the old Greek writer's mention of the man who was *so small that no one could see him*, could be admitted into a true history of dwarfs.

A man who is more than six feet high is a very tall man indeed, and if he is seven or eight feet

high he is called a giant, and there have been a few persons still taller than this.

In the Bible it is said that "there were giants on the earth in those days;" and the country of Ammon is called "a land of giants," and the spies who were sent by Moses into Canaan came back saying, "We saw the giants, the sons of Anak." Now it is not to be supposed that these people were as high as a four-story house — which would be nothing astonishing in a fairy tale. Goliath, the famous Philistine whom David killed, is thought to have been about nine feet, that is, a yard higher than the tall men we see in these days.

For a long time it was believed that the people of Patagonia, the southernmost country of South America, were enormous giants, and wonderful tales were told about them by travellers and sailors, but at last a sea-captain who lived in Patagonia some thirty years ago, brought back the truth. He said that almost every man among them was more than six feet high, and many of them nearly seven feet; that they were immensely strong, with dark skins and thick hair, and a muttering indis-

tinct way of talking, "as if their mouths were filled with hot pudding."

It is believed that there has never lived any nation of giants, though some races of people are known to have had more very tall persons among them than others, and the tallest people now on earth are in the countries of South America.

LONG AGO.

In old times, not only children, but grown-up persons, liked to listen to stories of fierce giants, and many spots in England and other countries still bear the names of these huge wonders; some of the legends or tales are very amusing, and possibly true. For instance, a high sea-cliff on the south coast of England which is called "The Giant's Leap," is said to be the spot where two giants had a fierce fight and one of them, after having had three ribs broken, caught up his enemy and threw him headfirst over the cliff into the sea.

Then there is a large cavern in the north of England called "The Giant's Cave," and a deep crack in the flat rock near it is known as "The Maiden's

Step," and the story goes that here a lovely lady ran away from the cruel giant Torquin, who was keeping her a prisoner in his rocky home. Near by is a low mound five yards long, with a great stone pillar at each end, and this is called "The Giant's Grave," being believed to be the spot where Torquin was killed and buried by the brave knight, Sir Launcelot. A single stone pillar as high as a man, which stands near the mound, is named "The Giant's Thumb."

A giant who is said to have lived on the Isle of Man in the Irish Sea, was very fond of playing the game of quoits with large rocks such as no other man could lift, and here two square pillars are still known as "The Giant's Quoiting Stones."

On one of the Scilly Islands, off the southwest coast of England, is a great pile of rocks shaped like walls with pointed towers, and this enormous mass is called "The Giant's Castle," while in the south of Ireland several immense rocks piled one above the other, are named "The Giant's Stairs," and are said to have led to the hiding-place of a monster whose legs, to fit this staircase, would have

had to be long enough for him to step up to the roof of a good-sized house in one stride.

The nursery fairy story of *Jack the Giant-killer* is very old indeed. Although it was not printed until the year 1711, it had been told in England and Germany for hundreds of years before that, and is found in Hindoo writings which were made as long ago as two hundred and forty years before the time of Christ. *Jack and the Bean-stalk* is also very old, and was first told and believed in Iceland, where, however, it was supposed to be an ash-tree instead of a bean-stalk which "grew and grew until it reached beyond the clouds."

BURIED GIANTS.

In the British Museum there hangs a large corselet or vest such as warriors of old times used to wear. It is made of leather, covered with thin fine gold of most beautiful workmanship, and is known as "The Golden Vest." The way in which it was found makes it interesting.

About fifty years ago some men who were mending roads near the town of Mold, in Wales, came

across a *tumulus*, or great mound of earth, and thinking it might contain gravel which would be useful to them in their work, they began digging into it. What was their surprise to find at the bottom of the mound some human bones and a skull of unusual size, two or three hundred amber beads, and a golden vest. These curious articles were sent to a learned man, who soon after discovered in some very old Welsh writings that the mound was the grave of a giant named Beulli, who lived in the year 500, and after whom was named a hill where he used to collect his men together before a fight. The place where his grave was found had been named "The Field of the Goblin," or in Welsh language, *Cae Ellyllion*. The Golden Vest was sent to the Museum where any one who visits London may see it.

Giant skeletons have been found buried in many different countries, and it is very likely that the old stories of impossibly large men were believed, because people did not know that ages ago there lived enormous animals larger than any we see now. Such were the mammoth, mastodon, dino-

therium, megatherium, and many others with names to match the size of their bodies; these strange creatures died, and hundreds of years afterwards, when they had been forgotten, their huge skeletons were found by accident, and people thought that the great bones must have belonged to human beings.

ROLLO THE WALKER.

Rollo was the leader of the Northmen, a wild fierce race of people who lived in Norway and Sweden several hundred years ago. He was so big that he could never find a horse tall and strong enough to carry him, and being always obliged to go on foot, was called "Rollo the Ganger" (which meant the Walker), or "Gang Roll," for short. This giant chieftain used to sail down to France, land his men, and then rush through the country, burning houses and churches, and killing people on every side. The French tried to drive out the strangers, but it was no use, and at last the king and his nobles got so frightened that they offered to make friends with the terrible Northmen, and to

give them a part of France for their own. To this Rollo agreed, and on the day fixed the king, Charles the Third, with some of his nobles, met Rollo and the chief Northmen to settle matters peaceably. Rollo was made a duke, and it was arranged that he should become a Christian, be baptized by the name of Robert, and marry the French princess Gisèle. During the council the Northmen were very quiet and well-behaved, but when they heard that the newly-made duke would have to kneel down and kiss the king's foot (that being the custom in those days), they made a terrible uproar. Rollo proudly refused to kneel to the king, the French nobles insisted that that was the law of the land, every one began talking at once, and for a time it seemed as if all the plans for peace and friendship were to be overturned. But at last Rollo said he would let one of his men act for him, and calling out a tall fierce warrior, he ordered him to kiss the king's foot. The soldier dared not disobey, but went sulkily towards the king, and instead of kneeling down, he pulled the king's foot up to his own lips, doing it so suddenly and roughly

that poor Charles lost his balance and fell over backwards.

Then the rude strangers all burst out laughing, but as the French were too much afraid of their visitors to criticise them, the meeting ended without any more quarrelling, and Rollo married the French princess and he and his followers settled down quietly in their new home in the north of France, which has ever since been called from them, "Normandy," meaning "Northman's land."

THREE TALL ENGLISHMEN.

Walter Parsons, a very famous giant, was employed by King James the First of England as porter, and his business was to stand beside a heavy gate and open it when any one wanted to go in or out. In his youth he had been a blacksmith, and when he struck the anvil he had to stand in a deep hole in the ground so as to be of about the same height as the other workmen. He was immensely strong, but too good-tempered to hurt any one; once, when a man offended him in London streets, he lifted him gently by the waistband, and

hung him up high on a hook in the public market-place, where he left him, unhurt, but laughed at by all who passed. When King James died, his son, King Charles, kept Parsons in his place as porter; and this king had also another giant, named Evans, who danced in a play before his royal master, and then drew little Jeffrey Hudson out of his pocket. The pictures of this giant and dwarf are painted on the signboard of an old London inn which is named after them.

Tony Payne was the name of a tall schoolboy who lived down in Cornwall, the southwest corner of England. His back was so broad that his classmates liked to use it as a blackboard and work out their examples on it with chalk, and he would sometimes pick up two of his companions, tuck one under each arm and then climb up a steep sea-cliff, saying that he was taking his little kittens out to show them the world. He was always so gentle and kind to his schoolmates that they loved him dearly, and though it is nearly two hundred years since he died, the Cornish people still talk about him, and when a country lad wants to speak of any

thing as being very large indeed, he says it is "as long as Tony Payne's foot !"

When Payne was twenty-one years old, and seven feet two inches high, he was engaged by a nobleman to take care of hunting dogs and horses, and after a hunt he used to carry home great stags and deer upon his shoulders ; and if he wanted to have a jacket made of deerskin, he had to use the hides of three full-grown animals. One Christmas eve a boy was sent into the woods with a little donkey to get fagots for firewood, and as it grew very late and they did not come back, people began to be worried lest the child had lost his way. So Tony Payne went to fetch him, and finding that nothing was the matter except that the donkey felt tired, and would not go, he stooped down, took the astonished animal on his shoulders, and carried him home, fagots and all.

He soon had more serious work to do, however, for his master, Sir Beville Granville, heard that the king, Charles the First, needed all his friends to help him, and wanted them to get their troops ready to fight the rebels who had raised an army

against him, and so Sir Beville got his men together as fast as he could. He chose Tony Payne to be one of his bodyguard, so that the young giant's place was near his master, and before very long word was received that the rebels were coming to Stowe, where Sir Beville lived. Tony Payne, with a body of troops, was sent out to meet the enemy, and a battle was fought, in which the Royalists, as the king's friends were called, were the victors. When the fighting was over, Payne ordered his men to take care of the wounded and to bury the dead, and he himself went about carrying great soldiers in his arms as if they were so many babies. . . . That same year another and fiercer battle was fought near Lansdown, and here the Royalist were sadly beaten, and Sir Beville Granville killed. Payne was beside him when he fell, and the devoted giant put John Granville, a lad of sixteen, into his father's place on the horse, and led the troops into the fight. Tony Payne afterwards sent a letter to his dead master's widow, saying that he would always be faithful to her and her son. Fifteen years later when Charles the Second

was called home to England to be king, Sir John Granville was made governor of a fortress at Plymouth, and Tony Payne went with him and became



ROLLO THE WALKER.

haiberdier, or keeper of the cannon. King Charles knew how brave and faithful Payne had been during the war, and he made a great favorite of the

big halberdier, and had his portrait painted by a great artist. In this picture the giant is shown standing beside a cannon, with one hand resting on it, while in the other he holds his halberd, a sort of battle-axe which halberdiers carry.

When he grew old he left the army and went back to his home in Stratton, and after he was dead and ready to be buried, it was found that the doorways and staircases were not large enough to allow his huge body to be carried out of the house. The walls had to be sawed through, and the floors lowered with ropes and pulleys, and a number of the strongest men that could be found took turns in carrying the giant's body to the grave.

THE GIANT REGIMENTS.

Frederick William, emperor of Prussia, had in his army a regiment of men who were all immensely tall, being gathered together from every part of Europe. They were called "The Grand Grenadiers," and in their front rank there was not a single man less than seven feet in height.

The emperor's greatest delight was to ride out

and review his giant regiment, and when ambassadors or any grand persons from other countries came to visit him he always had his Grand Grenadiers march by to be wondered at and admired. When Frederick William died his son sent the tall soldiers to the empress, and they used to march on each side of her immense state coach and could shake hands with each other over the roof.

England still has a tall regiment, and every one who has been to London must have seen the Life Guardsmen in their scarlet coats. Each man wears beside great leather boots reaching above his knees, long gauntlet gloves, and a helmet and breast-plate made of shining steel, and carries a sabre at his side, and two pistols before him, in the saddle. No one can be a Life Guardsman unless he is at least six feet two inches high, and these huge men, who have to ride the largest horses that can be found, look very grand and soldierly galloping along together, or standing "on guard," as still as statues, neither horses nor riders moving so much as an eyelid.

These are the men who fought so well in the late

war in Egypt; and at the battle of Waterloo in 1815, the Life Guardsmen were those who rode up in the nick of time, attacking the French and chasing them into the valley.

TWO IRISH GIANTS.

About five miles from the silver mines of Tipperary, in the south of Ireland, there lived a giant boy named Cornelius McGrath. His parents were peasants and they and all his brothers and sisters were of the usual size; and even he was not astonishingly large until he reached his sixteenth year. Then he was taken with such violent pains in his arms and legs that he was lame for a month, and every one thought he had rheumatism, and the doctor ordered him salt water baths. It was soon found out, however, that his complaint was "growing pains," for in a year's time he became so dreadfully tall that when he visited the city of Cork crowds of people followed him through the streets.

The sole of his shoe was fifteen inches long, his wrist measured a quarter of a yard round, and with one hand he could entirely cover a good-sized

shoulder of mutton. Of course he was very strong, and there was a little student in Trinity College, Dublin, whom Cornelius used to pick up by the coat collar and hold out at arms-length. The young giant was exhibited in a show in Cork, and from that city he went to Paris, and then all over Europe, and everywhere crowds of people flocked to see him. After his death his friends the students placed his great skeleton in Trinity College, where it remains to this day.

Another Irish giant named Cotter, and sometimes called the "Man-mountain," used to astonish the night watchmen by stopping at a street lamp-post and lighting his pipe in the flame, and then walking off as coolly as if he had done nothing queer.

He was more than eight feet tall, and so strong that when some one spoke rudely about Ireland, he took the man by the coat collar, held him up in the air and shook him well. He once acted in a play with a dwarf lady who was less than a yard high, and all the people laughed at seeing her go up a flight of stairs to talk with the great fellow who would turn round next minute and shake hands

with the people in the upper stage boxes. The showman pretended that his giant was related to Brian Boru, a famous Irish king who fought the Danes nine hundred years ago, beating them in forty-nine battles, and who is said to have been more than eight feet high.

Mr. Cotter used to travel about in a carriage which had the floor let down on purpose to make room for his long legs, and one night as he was driving through the woods the horses were stopped by a highway robber who meant to steal all he could find in the coach. The giant leaned out of the window to see what was the matter, and the astonished robber, not daring to attack such a big fellow, put spurs to his horse and rode off as fast as he could go. The giant's gold watch and chain would have been worth stealing, as they had been made to suit his big hands and pockets, and together weighed a pound.

Mr. Cotter had his portrait painted many times.

THE GREAT AND THE SMALL.

In the year 1866 there came to America from

China three queer persons — Chang Woo Gow, a giant, King Foo, his wife, and Chung Now, a Tartar dwarf. The first of these three was nearly eight feet high, and he had had a sister who grew to be still taller than himself. He was very polite, and being a well-educated gentleman and pleasant to talk with, received a great many visitors in Barnum's Museum where he was exhibited.

Chang went over to London and visited the Prince of Wales. The Prince asked him to sign his name on the wall as high as he could reach, and the giant put up his big hand and wrote his name away up above every one's head at the height of ten feet from the ground, so that it would take a six-year-old child standing on the head of a very tall man to touch it.

Chang Woo Gow was in New York and other American cities a few winters since.

Once upon a time the Empress of Austria had a fancy that it would be nice to get all the giants and dwarfs that could be found and put them into one house together.

This was done, and great care was taken to hire

strong men to guard the dwarfs, lest the giants should frighten or hurt them. Strange to say, however, the little people were too much for the big

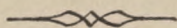


THE CHINESE GIANT.

ones, and the poor giants complained with tears in their eyes that the dwarfs teased, abused and even robbed them, and so the guards had to protect the giants from their tiny tormentors.

It would seem from this that giants are good-natured and gentle, instead of being the fierce, terrible monsters they are made in story-books; and dwarfs are usually — though not always — peevish and mischievous little creatures.

TRUE STORIES ABOUT DWARFS



A TINY BRIDAL-PARTY.

ABOUT two hundred years ago there was a queer wedding in an emperor's palace. The bridegroom was as small as a child five years old, and the bride and the company not any larger; yet they were all "grown-up" people, and this is not a fairy-tale.

A Russian princess, Natalie, had these two little people for pets, and when she told her brother (the Czar, Peter the Great) that they were to be married to each other, he ordered every dwarf within two hundred miles of Moscow to come to the wedding. Carriages were sent to fetch them, and on the appointed day, seventy tiny ladies and gentle-

men arrived, twelve or more in one carriage and driven by a single horse !

Crowds of people laughing and cheering followed the fairy procession into the city ; the great palace of the Kremlin was lighted up, and there the little bride and groom, dressed in magnificent clothes, awaited their guests. The royal family, and many noblemen, came to see the wedding ; and everything was very grand ; but there was much trouble afterwards in getting the little people in to supper. Each one wanted to go first, so the Czar said that they should be placed "by sizes ;" the smallest one at the head. But this did not please them any better, for no one liked to be called the tiniest of the tiny, and every one wanted to go last ! However, it was all settled peaceably, and the company sat down to supper on small chairs at a long, low table ; and they ate and drank out of beautiful little plates and cups and saucers which had been made on purpose for them. After supper there was a grand ball ; each little gentleman asked a little lady to be his partner, and then they danced the minuet and other dances, and fanned them-

selves with tiny fans. Must it not have been as pretty sight?

LITTLE DICK GIBSON AND HIS WIFE.

King Charles the First of England had a favorite dwarf named Richard Gibson, who was hardly more than a yard high, and the king's wife, Queen Henrietta, had a lady-dwarf who was exactly the same height, and these two little people were married to each other. The king and queen were at the wedding; the queen gave the bride a little diamond ring as a bridal-gift, and the court-poet wrote a poem about the marriage.

Little Dick Gibson and his wife had nine children, five of whom lived to grow up and become just as tall as most people, so that they must have seemed like giants to their papa and mamma.

This small gentleman was a great painter and used to make beautiful pictures for King Charles. One of these pictures was the cause of a very sad event; King Charles gave it to a man named Vanderwort (who took charge of all the king's pict-

S. P. GIBSON.



LITTLE DICK GIBSON.

ures), and told him to put it in some safe place where no harm would come to it, and the man put it away so carefully that when the king asked for it Vanderwort could not remember where he had bestowed it. He looked in every place he could think of, but did not find it, and he was too much afraid to tell the king that it was lost, so he went and killed himself! The picture was found a few days afterwards.

Little Gibson went over to Holland and gave drawing-lessons to Princess Mary who afterwards became Queen of England, but he never grew any taller, though he lived to be seventy-five years old, and neither did his little wife, who was nearly a hundred when she died.

SIR JEFFREY HUDSON, THE TINY KNIGHT.

The most interesting of all these little creatures, and the one whose history reads most like a fairy-tale, is Jeffrey Hudson, who, at the age of seven years, was only half a yard high. His parents were of the usual size, and his father, who took charge

of fighting-bulls for the Duke of Buckingham (the greatest nobleman in England), sent his tiny son to the Duke's wife and she dressed him in handsome clothes and made him her page. He was taught to be polite, and to wait upon ladies and gentlemen, instead of running about barefoot as he used to do at home.

One day some mischievous fellows having killed a large cat belonging to an old woman, took off the skin and fastened it round little Jeffrey, so that when he went on all-fours he looked just like "Rutterkin," the cat. While the old woman was at tea with some of her friends, Jeffrey, dressed in the cat's skin, lay curled up in the corner as if asleep, and when some one threw him a piece of meat, he jumped up suddenly, saying: "Rutterkin can help himself when he is hungry," and ran down-stairs as fast as he could go.

The visitors started up, screaming out, "A witch! a witch, with her talking cat!" and they were in a great fright until they found out that a trick had been played on them.

Some time after this, the Duke heard that King

Charles and his young French wife, with a number of lords and ladies, were coming to make him a visit, so everything was got ready to receive the royal guests. The Duchess of Buckingham knew that Queen Henrietta was very fond of dwarfs, and wishing to give her a pleasant surprise, she put little Jeffrey into a large deep dish, and had a crust of baked dough made over the top, with holes for him to breathe through; and when dinner was ready, and the king and all the visitors were sitting at table, this big pie was brought in and Queen Henrietta was asked to cut the "venison-pastry," as it was called. She did so, and *when the pie was opened*, up jumped a little man dressed in a suit of armor!

Was not that a dainty dish to set before the king!

Every one was astonished at seeing what the pie was made of, and Jeffrey stepping out, knelt beside the queen's plate and asked her to take him with her and let him be her page, which she was very glad to do, although she already had her two married dwarfs.

So Jeffrey Hudson went to live in the king's palace and soon became a great favorite with his royal mistress and the ladies of her court. He once acted in a play before the king and queen, when a tall fellow came out and danced and then pulled a loaf of bread out of one big pocket, and little Jeffrey Hudson, instead of a piece of cheese, from the other.

The king made Jeffrey a knight and after that he wore a sword and was always called Sir Jeffrey; but his grand title did not prevent him from being nearly drowned one day, in a basin of water when he was washing his hands. At another time, he was walking along by the river Thames and being taken up by the wind, would have been blown into the water if his clothes had not caught in a bush on the bank.

Queen Henrietta used to send her dwarf-page on important errands, and to carry letters and messages for her; and once he went to see the Queen of France who was Queen Henrietta's mother, and who loaded him with beautiful presents. As he was sailing home again, across the English Chan-

nel, the vessel, which was very old and slow, was attacked by pirates. They stole all the presents that he was taking to the Queen of England, from her mother, besides which had been given to himself, and Jeffrey, together with a nurse whom the Queen of France was sending to her daughter, was taken prisoner. It was not until the king had agreed to pay the pirates a large sum of money that the captives were set free; but before he reached home Jeffrey met with another adventure — a fight with a turkey-gobbler. The big fowl chased the little fellow and frightened him so badly that he cried for help until the queen's nurse came and drove away his enemy. This incident was told to Sir William d'Avenant the poet, and he thought it so funny that he wrote a poem about it which he called "Jeffriedos." Two of the closing lines are as follows:

So Jeffrey straight was thrown. When faint and weak,
The cruel fowl assaults him with its beak.

At last he was sent back to England, where he remained for several years, playing with the queen's

pet monkey, and quarreling with the young gentlemen of the court, who loved to play tricks on the little knight. He had his portrait painted very often, sometimes with the king and queen, sometimes alone, and sometimes with a dog; one New Year's Day, a court-lady made him a present of a little bit of a book which she had had printed on purpose for him, and which had his portrait on the first page.

The poor little fellow had the misfortune to be taken by a pirate again, and this time he was carried off to Africa and sold as a slave. He was treated cruelly and forced to do hard work to which he had never been accustomed, and was very, very unhappy until King Charles again paid to get him back and he returned to his dear queen at last. She was delighted to see him and every one was surprised at finding that he had grown a foot taller; the king gave him a fine uniform and a little horse to ride on, and made him a captain in the army.

A dreadful revolution broke out in England and little Jeffrey fought for his king, and when the

queen had to leave England in the middle of the night, with a few faithful friends, Jeffrey Hudson was among them. He was now about twenty-five years old, and, having grown to be more than three feet high, thought himself a very big man, although most eight-year-old children are taller.

As I have said, he went to France with Queen Henrietta, and there he soon got into trouble through giving way to his fiery temper ; some young courtiers who had read the "Jeffriedos," amused themselves by teasing the dwarf and making fun of him for having run away from the turkey, and the little man got dreadfully angry with his tormentors, and at last called out one of them to fight a duel, which was the fashionable way of settling quarrels in those times. On the day appointed for the duel, Jeffrey came to the place with his pistol loaded, but the courtier, Mr. Crofts, thinking that the affair was only a joke, brought nothing but a big *squirt*, with which he meant to throw water on the dwarf. This made Jeffrey angrier than ever and he insisted on having a real duel with his enemy. They fought on horseback, and when the signal

was given, both raised their pistols and fired at each other, and little Jeffrey killed the gay young gentleman at the first shot. Every one was shocked and grieved on hearing what had happened, and Sir Jeffrey was locked up for a punishment, and then sent away from the court.

Some years afterwards he went back to England, where his old master, the Duke of Buckingham, gave him enough money to live comfortably.

Poor Charles the First had been put to death by the rebels, Cromwell had been deposed, and Charles the Second was king; some wicked men made up a story that a dreadful plot was on foot and that the king and many other persons were to be murdered, and this made every one so frightened that numbers of people were thrown into prison, and some even put to death, before it was found out that there was no "plot" at all, except in the evil minds of those who had begun the fuss. Jeffrey Hudson, being of the same religion as the accused persons, had been put in prison and kept there for some time; after he had been let out he fell ill, and soon the adventures of the tiny knight were over.

PIETAS, PTOLEMY SOTER'S LEARNED DWARF.



He was sixty-three years old when he died, and only three feet nine inches high ; a blue satin suit of clothes which belonged to the little manikin are still shown in a museum in England, and a full-length picture of him hangs in Hampton Court palace.

DWARFS OF OLDEN TIMES.

The most famous dwarf of olden times was Philetas, who lived in Egypt three hundred years before Christ. When a grown man he was so small and light that he dared not go out of doors without having lead weights in his pockets, lest he should be blown away. And yet he was a great poet, and so wise and learned and trustworthy that he was chosen by the king, Ptolemy Soter, to direct the studies of his son Philadelphus, the heir to the throne. How queer it must have seemed to the young prince to have such a mite for a teacher !

Writers of that long-ago time say that there was once a whole tribe of dwarfs living in India, and that they rode about on sheep and goats, and cut down

the corn with axes as if the corn-field were a great forest. Every winter whole flocks of cranes—those tall birds with long beaks—used to fly to India from colder lands, and the dwarfs were fond of picking up the birds' feathers, and what was worse, of stealing their eggs. This made the cranes very angry, so that they attacked the robbers, and as the dwarfs would not run away, there was a terrible battle, where, Addison says,

High in the midst, the chieftain-dwarf was seen
Full twenty inches tall he strode along.

But he was killed, and so were all his little soldiers, and that was the end of the dwarf-nation.

This sounds rather like a fairy-tale, and perhaps it is not *all* true, but at the same time, it is not impossible that a very small race of people lived long ago; indeed their bones have been found buried in the ground in many different countries.

Whole acres of land in the State of Tennessee are thought to have been the burying-grounds of a pigmy-race that must have lived before the Red Indians. It is said that about fifty years ago some

G. H. Garrett.



CESAR AUGUSTUS AND HIS DWARFS.

one accidentally discovered there hundreds of little skeletons under the ground, the largest not more than nineteen inches long, and people knew by the shape of the teeth that these were skeletons of grown-up persons. The coffins were made of four rough, flat stones, and were all placed in regular rows, about two feet down in the earth, the little people lying on their backs, their arms crossed on their breasts, and each one holding a sort of small stone jug; one of these skeletons wore a necklace made of ninety-four pearl beads, and at a short distance from the burial-place were found the ruins of what seemed to have been a very old town. Whether this account is authentic, I cannot say. Dwarf-graves have also been found in Central America, and in some parts of Europe and Asia; and on an island near Scotland, called the Isle of Pigmies, is an old ruined chapel,

In whose small vaults a pigmy folk is found,
Whose bones the delver with his spade upthrows.

In the time of the Roman Empire it was the custom for rich people to buy dwarfs and keep

them for pets. Julia, the niece of Cæsar Augustus, had a little favorite named Conopas, and a hand-maiden, Andromeda, each of whom was only "two feet and a hand-breadth high." Augustus himself was very fond of dwarfs, and used to send to all parts of the world for them; but he would not have any excepting those who were well-shaped, handsome and lively. He and his little pets used to play together in the palace, and while listening to their pretty prattling the great emperor forgot his worldly cares. The Romans had a cruel practice of *making* dwarfs by keeping young babies in wooden boxes to prevent their growing; and by the time the poor little creatures were a few years old they were worth a great deal of money.

In Egypt and Persia and Turkey, pet dwarfs have been kept from the very earliest times, and from those countries the fashion spread to Europe. In the city of Mantua, in Italy, there is, in the duke's palace, a suite of six very small rooms with ceilings so low that a tall man cannot stand up under them; two tiny staircases lead to these rooms, which are said to have been built for the duke's

dwarfs to live in. William, Duke of Normandy, the conqueror of England, had dwarf-pages, and it was the fashion among his nobles to have as many of these little creatures as they could get, to wait on them, and lead their horses in grand processions.

II.

JOUJOU AND BÉBÉ.

ONCE upon a time there lived near the town of Chaliez in Russia, a lady and gentleman of the usual size, who had six children, every second one of whom was, when grown up, very tall indeed, while the other three were dwarfs. The eldest son, who grew to be a little more than a yard high, became page to a grand lady ; the second of this tiny trio was only eight inches long when he was born ; while the third, who was a girl, measured three quarters of a yard in height at the age of twenty years.

Their father died suddenly, leaving his wife very poor and with the six children to take care of, and so a rich lady who had always made a pet of Joseph, the second of the dwarf-children, said

she should like to adopt him as her own. His mother cried a great deal at parting with her little Joujou, as he was called, but she let the lady take him away, and he stayed with his new mother until he was twelve years old and twenty-one inches high. Then another kind lady, the Countess Humiecka, took him traveling with her and he went to see Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria. He had been looking at all the beautiful sights in the great city of Vienna, and when the empress lifted him up on her lap and asked him what he thought the most wonderful of all that he had seen, he said that the strangest sight was what he saw at that moment.

“And what is that?” asked Her Majesty in surprise.

“To see so little a man on the lap of so great a woman,” he replied, and this answer pleased the empress so much that when he was bidding her good-by she called one of her children, a girl five years of age, to her side, took a little diamond ring off the child’s hand and put it on the dwarf’s. This ring he kept as long as he lived, and

prized it as the greatest treasure, for that little girl was Princess Marie Antoinette who afterward married the King of France, Louis the Sixteenth, and who with her royal husband was put to death by the mob during the French Revolution.

This little Joujou, whose real name was Joseph *ustawski* Bornwlaski (a very long one for such a small person), pleased every one who saw him, for he was polite and gentlemanly in manner, very well educated, speaking French and German perfectly, and what was still better, he was always amiable and cheerful.

One day he was taken to see the King of Poland, who had a dwarf of his own called Bébé. This little fellow had been *carried on a plate* to be baptized, and for some time after had had a shoe of his father's for a bed; he was not as tall as Joujou at the time of the latter's visit, and not one half as pleasing and amiable.

Stanislaus was delighted with little Joujou and talked to him for a long time, and Bébé on seeing this was dreadfully jealous. As soon as the king had gone out of the room, and the dwarfs were

left alone, Bébé crept up quietly behind his visitor, caught him by the waist and tried to push him into the fire! Fortunately, however, the king heard the noise, and came back again to see what was the



BÉBÉ.

matter, and after separating the struggling dwarfs, he called to a servant to give Bébé a sound whipping and then to turn him out of doors, for he would have nothing more to do with such a wicked fellow.

Joujou was so kind and good as to beg the king

to forgive the little culprit, and at last it was arranged that Bébé must have the whipping, but that after that, if he would beg Joujou's pardon for trying to kill him, the king would let him be his little pet again ; and to this, Bébé agreed, though very unwillingly.

Soon afterwards Bébé began to grow bent and feeble like an old man, though he was hardly more than twenty-two years old, and one day he fell ill of a fever and died.

Joujou went to Paris, where the king and nobles made a great fuss with him, and once at a grand dinner-party, he was served up in a soup-tureen and jumped out when the cover was raised. At another time a friend asked him to dinner and had little plates and dishes just his size, and even the roast birds, etc., were small.

The little gentleman (who stopped growing at thirty years of age, when he was thirty-nine inches high) married a young lady of ordinary height, and this queer couple had several children who soon grew to be much bigger than their father. He went travelling again after he was married and



JOUJOU, THE TINY PAPA.

gave beautiful concerts in London, and while he was there, a giant eight feet high was on exhibition. Joujou went to look at him, and the very big and very little man on seeing each other, were too much astonished to speak. At last the great fellow stooped down a long, long way, took Joujou's hand in his and spoke to him, and all the people laughed to see the giant and the dwarf talking together.

Soon after this the dwarf, too, was obliged to have himself exhibited in a show, for he got so poor that he had no money to buy food and clothes for his family, and this lasted for several years; but at last he was able to settle down quietly, and employed his time in writing a book about his own life and travels.

He was ninety-eight years old when he died, and a shoe which he had worn is kept in a museum in England; the sole is hardly six inches long.

SIX DWARFS OF THE LAST CENTURY.

At about the same time with Joseph Bornwlaski,

there lived in London a Mr. and Mrs. Robert Skinner, who were each about two feet high, and used to drive round St. James' Park in a carriage no bigger than a baby's, drawn by two dogs, and with a twelve-year-old boy in purple and yellow livery for a coachman. They had fourteen children, not one of whom was unusually small.

Another lady-dwarf was called the Corsican Fairy, from the place of her birth and because she was so light and tiny. She was a beautiful little creature, very graceful and gay, and spoke both French and Italian. She was first exhibited in London in the year 1769, when she was twenty-six years old and not quite a yard high.

Then there was Wybrand Lolkes, a clever little Dutch watch-maker, who though only twenty-seven inches high, married a woman of ordinary size. Very likely he was the little man whose wife, when she did not hear what he said, used to call out as hard as if she were speaking from a second-story window: "What's that you are saying down there?"

If he wanted to kiss her good-by he had to get

up on a table, and when they went for a walk together, she would stoop down and hold his hand instead of taking his arm.

During the French Revolution a dwarf named Richebourg was very useful in carrying letters and messages out of Paris. The little man, dressed in a full suit of baby-clothes, with the secret papers hidden in his ruffled cap, was carried in the arms of a nurse ; the trick was never found out — which was lucky for the “ baby.” This dwarf lived to be ninety years old, and during the last twenty-five years of his life never went out of the house, being very shy before strangers.

The last person who is known to have kept a dwarf in his family as a pet, was Mr. Beckford, son of the Lord Mayor of London, who, with his friends, used to amuse himself by throwing the dwarf across the table from one person to another as if he were a rubber ball !

DWARFS OF OUR TIMES.

Away down in the south of Africa lives a race

of fierce savages, called Hottentots. Several years ago, a Dutch trading-vessel happening to stop there, the captain saved the lives of a boy and girl whose parents and friends had been attacked and cruelly killed by the Kafirs, another African tribe. These children were dwarfs; the boy a yard and eight inches high, and the girl less than a yard; they were sent over to England, and exhibited in London, where hundreds of people came to see them dance the strange, wild dances of their country, and hear them talk in their own queer language.

They belonged to a tribe called Bushmen or African Gypsies, and were not dwarfs at all, compared with the rest of their race, of whom very few persons ever grew to be more than four feet tall, which is about the height of most nine-year-old children.

In Madagascar too, that large island near Africa, there is said to be a nation of dwarfs living up in the mountains; a French sailor who was shipwrecked there, came home and said he had seen them, and that they were not more than three feet

high but were very strong little creatures and very clever.

The Bushmen are the smallest race of people known, excepting, perhaps, the Esquimaux, and it must be that great heat and great cold keep people from growing tall, since the nations of both the torrid and frigid zones are generally *shorter* than those of temperate countries.

In Russia and Sweden dwarfs are often kept in the houses of noblemen, and a gentleman who visited those countries some years ago, tells us in his book of travels that he saw numbers of these little fellows dressed in gay, rich clothes, standing round their master's chair to hold his snuff box and wait upon him, and they had also to take care of his pet dogs and see that they were washed and combed regularly. These dwarfs were pretty and graceful, and looked so much alike that it seemed as if they must all belong to one family.

Turkey is the only country where court-dwarfs are still kept, and there they are highly prized, especially if they happen to be deaf and dumb, which is sometimes the case.

In the city of London, several years ago, a Mr. Birch while walking in the street, saw three poor ragged men standing on the edge of the sidewalk, singing. He stopped to listen, and noticed that one of them, who had a voice of great sweetness, was a dwarf, and pitying the little fellow, he asked him to come home with him and have something to eat. The poor dwarf gladly consented, and a short time afterwards Mr. Birch, who kept a large carriage factory, gave a dinner party in his work-rooms to the men who made carriages for him. Besides the workmen, he invited some gentlemen who sang and played in Drury Lane Theatre, and all together there were nearly a hundred persons at the party. When dinner was over, they had songs and music, and all of a sudden when the room was very quiet, a most beautiful voice was heard singing, though where it came from no one knew. The guests stared round in astonishment, and looked at each other, but no one spoke until the sweet clear voice had ceased, and then every one clapped hands in delight and asked each other whose it could be. Some said it must be a lady,



TOM THUMB AND HER MAJESTY'S LIFEGUARD.

and while they were wondering, the door of a new carriage was thrown open, and out stepped the dwarf-singer, a young man of twenty-two years.

Then Mr. Birch told who he was, and about his singing in the streets for a few pennies, and some of the gentlemen went and spoke to the owner of Drury Lane Theatre about him, and the end of it was, that the dwarf-singer was engaged to sing in the theatre every evening, for which he received a great deal of money.

While we are thinking of dwarfs, we must not forget our own Tom Thumb whom nearly every American child has seen.

He was born at Bridgeport, Connecticut, on January 11, 1832, and when about seven years old was taken by Mr. Barnum to New York and exhibited in the American Museum, where thirty thousand persons came to see him. From New York he went to Boston, Philadelphia, and many other American cities, and then to England, ten thousand persons going down to the steamer to see him off. In London he went to see Queen Victoria and her family, all of whom were delighted with the little

man. He was then twenty-five inches tall, and very lively and interesting, singing songs, "speaking pieces," and even acting in plays before his royal audience, and when it was over the Queen gave him a watch and chain, a gold pencil-case and many other beautiful presents. One of the plays in which he acted was the fairy tale of "Hop-o'-my-Thumb."

A London carriage-maker was engaged to build him a handsome little carriage, twenty inches high and eleven inches wide. It was bright blue, with red and blue wheels, and on the doors and harness were painted the Goddess of Liberty, with the British Lion and American Eagle, the British and American flags, and the motto, "Go ahead!" The carriage was drawn by a pair of little Shetland ponies, with two boys as coachman and footman, who were dressed in sky-blue coats trimmed with silver lace, red knee-breeches, silver buckles, cocked hats, and wigs. This grand affair cost nearly two thousand dollars, and when it went rattling through the streets of London every one stopped in surprise to look at it.



THE TOM THUMB BRIDAL PARTY.

While General Tom Thumb was in England he heard of another dwarf named Edwin Calvert, who was still smaller than himself and who played the violin, and could also dance gracefully, and mimic the voices of birds and other animals. Tom Thumb sent and asked this little gentleman to visit him, and when they had talked together, the general took off his boots and Mr. Calvert tried them on, and they were so much too large for him that he could easily shake them off his feet.

Several months were spent by Tom Thumb in travelling over the continent of Europe ; in Paris he acted in a French play which had been written on purpose for him ; in Spain he went to a grand bull-fight, when he sat close to Queen Isabella, and at last he came home to America again.

Mr. Barnum found three more dwarfs, another little man, called Commodore Nutt, and two young ladies, Lavinia and Minnie Warren, and all three were shorter than Tom Thumb. These four made a very pretty group, and Tom Thumb soon married Miss Lavinia Warren, the older of the little sisters. The wedding was celebrated in New York at Grace

Church and crowds of people went to see it ; Minnie Warren was her sister's bridesmaid, Commodore Nutt the groomsman, and when the four tiny people, beautifully dressed, marched up the middle aisle of the church, they looked more like walking dolls than real persons.

Since then, Tom Thumb and his wife have " been to London to see the Queen," and she and her people were delighted with the pretty face and the quiet, lady-like manners of his little wife. The General died about two years ago.

THE TROUBADOURS.



LACED in the broad light of our practical times, the history of those old days when the Troubadours flourished seems like a story, or, as Napoleon would have said, "a fable agreed upon."

The Troubadours were men who made the composition and recitation of poetry

a profession. Many of them were actors, and mimics, and jugglers, and the profession was at one time a very lucrative one, its members fre-

quently retiring from business loaded with gold and valuable goods given them by the wealthy people whom they had amused. An old song relates how one of them was paid from the king's own long purse with much gold and "white monie."

To be a Troubadour then, was to be a juggler, a poet, a musician, a master of dancing, a conjurer, a wrestler, a performer of sleight-of-hand, a boxer, and a trainer of animals. Their variety of accomplishments is indicated by the figures on the front of a chapel in France, erected by their united contributions. It was consecrated in September, 1335. One of the figures represented a Troubadour, one a minstrel, and one a juggler, "each with his various instruments." Like others occupied in a trade or profession at that time and since, they bound themselves into one great society, or "trade union;" and we are told that they had a king. It is certain that they often travelled in companies from place to place in search of employment; and often in midwinter they appeared before the castle gates at nightfall, a group

THE TROUBADOUR SINGING TO THE THIEVES.



of crimson, and violet, and velvet-black, relieved against the shadowed snow.

The richer class of Troubadours did not travel at this season. They remained at home during the winter and composed, or learned new verses, and thus prepared themselves for a fresh campaign; and with the first upspringing of the grass they came forth like song birds, flocking joyously from city to city, from castle to castle, with their flutes and rebecs, their wonderful stories of Arthur's Round Table, of wild horses of the forest bearing fair maidens lashed to their backs forever, of towers dragon-guarded.

The life of the wandering Troubadour must needs have been one of romance and adventure. Not infrequently did he picture to the life in his lyric some well-known character of the day and the neighborhood; and it followed that if the hero of the song of the day was of a revengeful nature, the Troubadour was frequently waylaid and well pounded. It is related of one that while returning from a visit to a certain lord, having reached a deep and dangerous forest, he was sud-

denly set upon by thieves who haunted these gloomy shades. They took from him his horse, his money, and even his clothing, and were about to kill him, when the captive Troubadour begged to be allowed to sing one more song before he died. Obtaining consent, he began to sing most melodiously in praise of thievery and of these particular thieves, whom he so delighted with his sweet compliments and admiration that they "returned him his horse, his money, and everything they had taken from him!"

But there were often pleasanter scenes "under the greenwood tree." Picture to yourself a company of the merry singers, in fantastic array, halted beneath the broad and protecting boughs. Can you not hear the jest go round, the free laugh ring out, and echoing in the old woodland, as these Troubadours, those human songsters, revel in the joy of their out-of-door life, and breathing the healthful airs of the forest? What is the world of war and loss, burning castles and tumbling thrones, to them? What but so much material for moving, thrilling song?



UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

These roving minstrels were often of great secret service to armies in time of war, for they could travel where others could not, and many were the momentous missions they undertook. The Troubadour was always free to go and come, a welcome guest, a jolly good fellow. The camp fires might be burning, armies moving from base to base, but amid the tramp of marching men and the shifting of military posts he was secure in his privilege as a neutral person. As a song, the turning of three somersaults, or a new jest was sufficient password to hostile camps, it naturally followed that he should often be employed as a spy or messenger, penetrating outer lines, and into castles whose gates were closed by armed men. Imagine him spiritedly reciting some heroic tale to a group of rough and iron-clad warriors—restless soldiers of fortune, who listen to him with savage interest, clinking their swords as an accompaniment to his song. While they make jokes at his expense they house and feed him. They reward him with curious trinkets taken in battle, a quaint ring, or ancient bracelet, a gem-crusted

drinking-cup, which serves to swell his possessions. But the cunning Troubadour takes the number of their spears. He spies the secret gates where the men go in and out at night bearing supplies of provisions and arms. He learns the plans for to-morrow's foraging. In short, a song, a simple story, a few amusing tricks secretly turns the tide of battle, settles the fate of kings and queens.

Among the many unhappy queens of merry England, Eleanora of Aquitaine stands in her place. Her reign was full of trouble and misfortune, although Henry the Second was a most peace-loving king of his time. Referring to her ambitious and captive son, Richard Cœur de Lion, who, by the way, was a Troubadour, she describes herself in one of her letters to the Pope: "*Eleanora, by the wrath of God, Queen of England.*"

Well, the turbulence of her reign was often due to the war songs of Troubadours; for if ever it occurred that her impetuous sons were inclined to a season of peace, the Troubadours always broke into their retirement with passionate and boastful *tensons* which urged them to revolt and

IN THE REIGN OF ELEANOR OF PROVENCE.



battle. As the *Marseillaise* has resounded in the streets of Paris in our time, inspiring men and women with feelings of enthusiasm and reckless valor, so certain subtle recitations of the minstrels roused the insurgent sons of Eleanora to rebellion and deeds of blood. The peace of a kingdom, the ties of kindred, the affairs of state, were overturned by a mere song. Chief of these political Troubadours, and a personal friend of these war-like sons of Eleanora, was the Baron Bertrand de Bosn. This French nobleman was a born revolutionist, impetuous, violent, and his verses on the lips of Troubadours, penetrated England, France, and Spain, exciting passion, distrust, and hatred among high and low. So skilful was he in creating discord and manipulating intrigue, that Dante fittingly assigned him a place in the *Inferno*. Eleanora herself was the granddaughter of one of the earliest Troubadours, whose works have reached down to our day; and many of the songs of that day are addressed to her. One of her Troubadour train, after a life of devotion to poetry and romance, became a monk and ended

his days amid the sober scenes and subduing influences of an abbey in the Limousin.

Retiring from the world into the bosom of the Church, seems to have been a favorite closing act among the Troubadours. Many of them did so from ignoble or selfish motives, but some were actuated by religious convictions, no doubt. Great ladies, also, whose beauty had been made famous by the Troubadours, frequently sought in the end, peaceful nunneries from which they never came forth again.

Many of the productions of the Troubadours contained from fifteen to twenty thousand verses, and therefore required much time in the delivery, especially as they were accompanied by music.

When one performer became weary another took his place, and thus continued the linked sweetness to an almost endless length. The Troubadour was a reformer of manners and the creator of many pleasing offices, some of which exist to this day. For instance : In the reign of Eleanor of Provence, queen of England, we have our first glimpse of a poet-laureate ; and the office

since become so glorious with song, undoubtedly sprung out of the literary tastes of the Provençal queen, who was herself a singer, and had been surrounded in her youth by Troubadours and minstrels. But this kindly harboring of Troubadours came near being the death of the king, her husband ; for one night a gentleman known as “a mad poet” was so well used in the hall that he got into high spirits and amused the royal household by “joculating for their entertainment, and singing some choice minstrelsy.” But he seems all the while to have had another end in view, for at a convenient moment he crept into the king’s bedchamber armed with a very sharp knife which he plunged into the royal couch. Fortunately the king was not there, and although the mad poet called loudly for Henry, demanding that he show himself and be killed, the search was in vain. The poor poet had to pay for this attempt, being executed at Coventry.

For many years the Troubadours continued to sing at ancient windows and in lordly halls. But their numbers gradually grew less, until few

were left of all that happy profession. As times grew more peaceful, and pleasanter occupations increased, the romance of chivalry, the wild leg-



THE LAST MINSTREL.

endry of feudal courts and fields waned in interest for the people, until only an occasional stroller was seen no more in princely dress, slowly travelling along some lonely road in quest of such

warmth or comfort as a charitable or inquisitive person might give him by listening to his worn-out songs. Instead of receiving a cloak of cloth of silver inwoven with gold as a reward, he was content with a bed of straw. There is much pathos in those lines of Walter Scott which describe the last minstrel as forsaken by all except an orphan boy :

The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door ;
And tuned to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

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